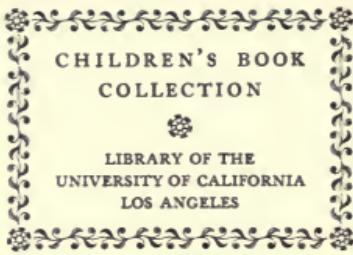


HOLY TREASURY

SACRAMENTS

TABLES

JOSEPH CUNORRILL



CHILDREN'S BOOK
COLLECTION



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vi



*Mary Ann Chy's. The gift of
Annie Davies January 25th 1843*

The Home Treasury.



TRADITIONAL NURSERY SONGS

OF

ENGLAND.

WITH

PICTURES BY EMINENT MODERN ARTISTS.

EDITED BY

FELIX SUMMERLY.



LONDON:

JOSEPH CUNDALL, 12, OLD BOND STREET.

1843.

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PREFACE.

SO my dear Madam, you think Nursery Songs mere trash, not worth utterance or remembrance, and beneath the dignity of the "march of mind" of our days! I would bow to your judgment, but you always talk so loud in the midst of a song; look grave at a joke—and the leaves of that copy of Wordsworth's Poems, presented to you on your birthday—I will not say how many years ago, still remain uncut. Facts like these, and others constantly occurring, prove that your ear cannot relish melody; and that poetry does not touch your feelings. Besides, you are still unmarried, and you say, I record it with regret, "you hate children." Doubtless you were never born a child yourself.

It is to mothers, sisters, kind-hearted aunts, and even fathers, who are summoned to become unwilling vocalists at break of day by young gentlemen and ladies of two years old; and to all having the charge of children, who are alive to the importance

of cultivating their natural keenness for rhyme, rhythm, melody, and instinctive love for fun, that I offer this first part of a collection of Traditional Nursery Songs. This Collection has been in progress for more than ten years, and it is now published, after a revision, with all the editions by Ritson, and others, that I have been able to meet with.

The Pictures, though made especially for the benefit of my young audience, will not, I feel pretty sure, be uninteresting to more advanced connoisseurs. I am not at liberty to mention the names of the artists who in their kind sympathies for children have obliged me with them. It is a mystery to be unravelled by the little people themselves, who, as they advance in a knowledge and love of beauty, will not fail to recognize in the works of some of the best of our painters of familiar life, the pencils of those who gave them early lessons in genuine art.



TRADITIONAL NURSERY SONGS.

A DILLER, a dollar,
A ten o'clock scholar,
What makes you come so soon?
You used to come at ten o'clock,
And now you come at noon.



A LONG tailed pig, or a short tailed pig,
Or a pig without a tail,
A sow pig, or a boar pig,
Or a pig with a curly tail.



A S I was going up Pippen hill,
Pippen hill was dirty ;
There I met a pretty Miss,
And she dropt me a curtesy.

Little Miss, pretty Miss,
 Blessings light upon you,
 If I had half a crown a day,
 I'd spend it all upon you.



BAA, baa, black sheep, have you any wool?
 Yes, marry, have I, three bags full;
 One for my master, and one for my dame,
 And one for the little boy that lives in the lane.



BLESS you, bless you, bonnie bee:
 Say, when will your wedding be?
 If it be to-morrow day,
 Take your wings and fly away.



BONNIE lass! bonnie lass! wilt thou be mine?
 Thou shalt neither wash dishes nor serve the
 swine,
 But sit on a cushion and sow up a seam,
 And thou shalt have strawberries, sugar, and cream.





BYE, O MY BABY.

BYE baby bunting,
Father's gone a hunting,
To get a little rabbit-skin,
To lap his little baby in.



BYE, O my baby,
When I was a lady,
Oh then my poor babe didn't cry ;
But my baby is weeping,
For want of good keeping,
Oh ! I fear my poor baby will die.



COCK-a-doodle-doo !
My dame has lost her shoe,
Master's broke his fiddle-stick,
And don't know what to do.



COLD and raw the north wind doth blow,
Bleak in the morning early ;
All the hills are covered with snow,
And winter's now come fairly.

“**C**OME, let’s to bed,” says Sleepy-head,
 “ Let’s stay awhile,” says Slow,
 “ Put on the pot,” says Greedy-gut,
 “ We’ll sup before we go.”



CRoss Patch, draw the latch,
 Sit by the fire and spin ;
 Take a cup, and drink it up,
 And call your neighbours in.



CUSHY Cow bonny, let down thy milk,
 And I will give thee a gown of silk !
 A gown of silk and a silver tee,
 If thou will let down thy milk to me.



DAFFY-down-dilly has come up to town,
 In a yellow petticoat, and a green gown.



DANTY baby diddy,
 What can mammy do wid’e ?



"COME, LET'S TO BED," SAYS SLEEPY-HEAD,
"LET'S STAY AWHILE," SAYS SLOW,
"PUT ON THE POT," SAYS GREEDY-GUT,
"WE'LL SUP BEFORE WE GO."



Sit in a lap
And give ye some pap,
Danty baby diddy.



DID you not hear of Betty Pringle's pig !
It was not very little nor yet very big ;
The pig sat down upon a dunghill,
And there poor piggy he made his will.

Betty Pringle came to see this pretty pig,
That was not very little nor yet very big ;
This little piggy it lay down and died,
And Betty Pringle sat down and cried.

Then Johnny Pringle buried this very pretty pig,
That was not very little nor yet very big,
So here's an end of the song of all three,
Johnny Pringle, Betty Pringle, and little Piggy.



DING, dong, bell,
Pussy-cat's in the well.
Who put her in ?
Little Johnny Green.

Who pull'd her out ?
Little Johnny Stout.
What a naughty boy was that,
To drown his poor grand-mammy's cat ;
Which never did him any harm,
But killed the mice in his father's barn.



DINGTY, diddledy, my mammy's maid,
She stole oranges, I am afraid,
Some in her pocket, some in her sleeve,
She stole oranges, I do believe.



FOUR and twenty tailors
Went to kill a snail,
The best man among them
Durst not touch her tail.

She put out her horns
Like a little Kylvow cow :
Run, tailors, run,
Or she'll kill you all e'en now.

GIRLS and boys, come out to play,
The moon is shining bright as day ;
Leave your supper and leave your sleep,
And come with your play-fellows into the street ;
Come with a whoop, and come with a call,
Come with a good will, or come not at all.
Up the ladder and down the wall,
A half-penny roll will serve us all :
You find milk and I'll find flour,
And we'll have a pudding in half-an-hour.



GREAT A, little A, bouncing B,
The cat's in the cupboard, and she can't see.



HANDY-SPANDY, Jack-a-Dandy
Loves plum-cake and sugar-candy,
He bought some at a grocer's shop,
And pleas'd, away went, hop, hop, hop !

HARK ! hark ! the dogs do bark,
Beggars are coming to town,
Some in jags, and some in rags,
And some in velvet gown.



HERE we go up, up, up,
And here we go down, down, downy,
And here we go backwards and forwards,
And here we go round, round, roundy.



HERE stands a fist,
Who set it there ?
A better man than you,
Touch him if you dare.



HEY diddle diddle,
The cat and the fiddle,
The cow jumped over the moon ;
The little dog laughed
To see such craft,
And the dish ran away with the spoon.



HARK, HARK, THE DOGS DO BARK!
BEGGARS ARE COMING TO TOWN.



HHEY my kitten, my kitten,
And hey my kitten, my deary,
Such a sweet pet as this
Was neither far nor neary.



HICCORY, diccory, dock,
The mouse ran up the clock ;
The clock struck one,
The mouse ran down,
Hiccory, diccory, dock.



HOW many days has my baby to play ?
Saturday, Sunday, Monday,
Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday.
Saturday, Sunday, Monday.



HUMPTY Dumpty sat on a wall,
Humpty Dumpty had a great fall,
Threescore men, and threescore more,
Cannot place Humpty Dumpty as he was before.

HOW many miles is it to Babylon?
Threescore miles and ten.
Can I get there by candle-light?
Yes, and back again.



HUSH-a-bye, baby,
Daddy is near,
Mammy's a lady,
And that's very clear.



HUSH-a-bye, babby, lie still with thy daddy,
Thy mammy is gone to the mill,
To get some wheat, to make some meat,
So pray, my dear babby, lie still.



HUSH-a-bye, baby, on the tree top,
When the wind blows, the cradle will rock,
When the bough breaks, the cradle will fall,
Down will come baby, bough, cradle and all.

I HAD a little husband, no bigger than my thumb,
I put him in a pint pot, and there I bid him drum,
I bought him a little handkerchief to wipe his little
nose,
And a pair of little garters to tie his little hose.



I HAD a little pony,
His name was Dapple Gray,
I lent him to a lady,
To ride a mile away.

She whipped him, she lashed him,
She drove him through the mire ;
I would not lend my pony now,
For all the lady's hire.



I HAD a little wife, the prettiest ever seen,
She washed all the dishes and kept the house
clean ;
She went to the mill to fetch me some flour,
She brought it home safe in less than an hour,
She baked me my bread, she brewed me my ale,
She sat by the fire and told a fine tale.

I'LL sing you a song,
It's not very long :
The woodcock and the sparrow,
The little dog has burnt his tail,
And he shall be hanged to-morrow.



I'LL tell you a story,
About Jack a Nory,
And now my story's begun ;
I'll tell you another,
About Jack and his brother ;
And now my story's done.



IS John Smith within ?
Yes that he is.
Can he set a shoe ?
Ay, marry, two.
Here a nail, there a nail,
Tick, tack, too.



I SEE the moon, and the moon sees me,
God bless the moon, and God bless me.

JACK and Jill
Went up the hill
To fetch a pail of water ;
Jack fell down,
And cracked his crown,
And Jill came tumbling after.



JACKY, come give me thy fiddle,
If ever thou mean to thrive.
Nay ; I'll not give my fiddle
To any man alive.

If I should give my fiddle,
They'll think that I'm gone mad ;
For many a joyful day
My fiddle and I have had.



JACK Sprat would eat no fat,
His wife would eat no lean,
Now was not this a pretty trick
To make the platter clean ?

LADY-Bird, Lady-Bird,
 Fly away home,
 Your house is on fire,
 Your children will burn.



1. LET us go to the wood, says this pig ;
2. What to do there? says that pig ;
3. To look for my mother, says this pig ;
4. What to do with her? says that pig ;
5. To kiss her to death, says this pig.

Note. This is said to each finger.



LITTLE Bo-peep has lost her sheep,
 And cannot tell where to find 'em ;
 Let them alone, and they'll come home,
 And bring their tails behind 'em.

Little Bo-peep fell fast asleep,
 And dreamt she heard them bleating,
 When she awoke she found it a joke,
 For they were still all fleeing.

Then up she took her little crook,
Determined for to find them,
She found them indeed, but it made her heart bleed,
For they'd left their tails behind them.

It happened one day as Bo-peep did stray
Unto a meadow hard by ;
There she espied their tails side by side,
All hung on a tree to dry.



LITTLE boy blue, come blow me your horn,
The sheep's in the meadow, the cow's in the
corn.

Where is the little boy tending the sheep?
Under the haycock fast asleep !



LITTLE Jack Horner
Sat in a corner
Eating a Christmas pie ;
He put in his thumb,
And pull'd out a plum,
And said " What a good boy am I ! "

LITTLE Jack Jingle,
He used to live single :
But when he got tired of this kind of life,
He left off being single and lived with his wife.



LITTLE Jenny Wren fell sick upon a time,
When in came Robin Redbreast and brought
her sops and wine,
“ Eat, Jenny, drink, Jenny, all shall be thine !”
“ Thank you, Robin, kindly, you shall be mine.”
Then Jenny Wren got better, and stood upon her
feet,
And said to Robin Redbreast, “ I love thee not a bit.”
Then Robin he was angry, and flew upon a pole,
“ Hoot upon thee ! fie upon thee ! ungrateful soul.”



LITTLE Miss Muffet
She sat on a tuffet,
Eating of curds and whey ;
There came a little spider,
Who sat down beside her,
And frightened Miss Muffet away.

LITTLE Nan Etticoat
In a white petticoat
And a red nose,
The longer she stands,
The shorter she grows.



LITTLE Robin Red-breast sat upon a tree,
Up went Pussy-cat, and down went he ;
Down came Pussy-cat, and away Robin ran :
Says little Robin Red-breast, " Catch me if you can."
Little Robin Red-breast jumped upon a wall,
Pussy-cat jumped after him, and almost got a fall.
Little Robin chirped and sang, and what did Pussy
say ?
Pussy-cat said " Mew," and Robin hopp'd away.



LITTLE Robin Red-breast
Sat upon a rail,
Niddle noddle went his head,
Wiggle waggle went his tail.

LITTLE Tom Tucker,
Sings for his supper :
What shall he eat ?
White bread and butter.
How shall he cut it,
Without e'er a knife ?
How will he be married
Without e'er a wife ?



MARY, Mary,
Quite contrary,
How does your garden grow !
Silver bells,
And cockle-shells,
And pretty maids all of a row.



MATTHEW, Mark, Luke, and John,
Guard the bed that I lay on !
Four corners to my bed,
Four angels round my head !
One to watch, one to pray,
And two to bear my soul away !





AND WHEN SHE CAME BACK
HE WAS READING THE NEWS.

OLD mother Hubbard
Went to the cupboard,
To give her poor dog a bone,
But when she came there,
The cupboard was bare,
And so the poor dog had none.

She went to the baker's
To buy him some bread,
And when she came back
The poor dog was dead.

She went to the joiner's
To buy him a coffin,
And when she came back
The poor dog was laughing.

She took a clean dish
To get him some tripe,
And when she came back
He was smoking his pipe.

She went to the alehouse
To get him some beer,
And when she came back
The dog sat in a chair.

She went to the tavern
For white wine and red,
And when she came back
The dog stood on his head.

She went to the hatter's
To buy him a hat,
And when she came back
He was feeding the cat.

She went to the barber's
To buy him a wig,
And when she came back
He was dancing a jig.

She went to the fruiterer's
To buy him some fruit,
And when she came back
He was playing the flute.

She went to the tailor's
To buy him a coat,
And when she came back
He was riding a goat.

She went to the cobbler's
To buy him some shoes,
And when she came back
He was reading the news.

She went to the sempstress
To buy him some linen,
And when she came back
The dog was spinning.

She went to the hosier's
To buy some hose,
And when she came back
He was dressed in his clothes.

The dame made a curtsy,
The dog made a bow,
The dame said, "Your servant,"
The dog said, "Bow, wow."



ONE, two, buckle my shoe ;
Three, four, shut the door ;
Five, six, pick up sticks ;
Seven, eight, lay them straight ;

Nine, ten, a good fat hen ;
 Eleven, twelve, who will delve ?
 Thirteen, fourteen, maids a courting ;
 Fifteen, sixteen, maids in the kitchen ;
 Seventeen, eighteen, maids a waiting ;
 Nineteen, twenty, I'm very empty ;
 Please, Mamma, give me some dinner.



ONE, two, three, four, five,
 1, 2, 3, 4, 5,
 I caught a hare alive,
 Six, seven, eight, nine, ten ;
 6, 7, 8, 9, 10,
 And let it go again.



ONE misty moisty morning,
 When cloudy was the weather,
 There I met an old man
 Clothed all in leather ;
 Clothed all in leather,
 With cap under his chin,
 How do you do, and how do you do,
 And how do you do again ?

LOST GAME.

VI



ONE, TWO, THREE, FOUR, FIVE,
I CAUGHT A HARE ALIVE,
SIX, SEVEN, EIGHT, NINE, TEN;
AND LET IT GO AGAIN.



PAT a cake, pat a cake, baker's man,
So I will, master, as fast as I can ;
Pat it, and prick it, and mark it with B.
And toss it in the oven for Baby and me.



PUSSY-CAT, Pussy-cat, where have you been ?
I've been to London to see the Queen.
Pussy-cat, pussy-cat, what did you there ?
I frightened a little mouse under the chair.



RAIN, rain,
Go away,
Come again
Another day ;
Little Johnny
Wants to play.



RIDE a cock-horse to Banbury-Cross,
To see an old woman ride on a black horse,
With rings on her fingers and bells on her toes,
And she shall have music wherever she goes.

RÓBERT Barnes, fellow fine,
Can you shoe this horse of mine ?
Yes, good Sir, that I can,
As well as any other man ;
There's a nail, and there's a prod,
And now, good Sir, your horse is shod.



ROBIN and Richard were two pretty men ;
They lay a-bed till the clock struck ten ;
Then up starts Robin and looks at the sky,
“ Oh ! oh ! brother Richard, the sun's very high,
You go before with bottle and bag,
And I'll follow after on little Jack Nag.”



ROCK-A-BYE, baby, upon the tree top,
When the wind blows, the cradle will rock ;
When the bough breaks, the cradle will fall,
Down will come cradle and baby and all.



ROCK-A-BYE, baby, thy cradle is green ;
Father's a nobleman, mother's a queen ;

And Betty's a lady, and wears a gold ring ;
And Johnny's a drummer, and drums for the king.



SEE-SAW, Jack-a-daw,
S Johnny shall have a new master ;
Johnny shall have but a penny a day,
Because he can work no faster.



SEE-SAW, Margery Daw
S Sold her bed, and laid upon straw ;
Was not she a dirty slut,
To sell her bed and lie in the dirt ?



SEE-SAW, sacaradown,
S Which is the way to London town ?
One foot up, the other foot down,
That is the way to London town.



SHOE the horse, shoe the colt,
S Shoe the wild mare ;

Here a nail, there a nail,
Yet she goes bare.



SING ! sing ! what shall I sing ?
The cat's run away with the pudding-bag string.



SING a song of sixpence, a pocket full of rye,
Four and twenty blackbirds baked in a pie.
When the pie was opened, the birds began to sing,
And was not that a dainty dish to set before the king?
The king was in the parlour, counting out his money;
The queen was in the kitchen, eating bread and honey;
The maid was in the garden, hanging out the clothes;
There came a little blackbird, and pecked off her nose.



SNAIL ! Snail ! come out of your hole,
Or else I'll beat you as black as a coal.



THE cat sat asleep by the fire,
The mistress snored loud as a pig,

EVENING AT HOME.

VII.



THE CAT SAT ASLEEP BY THE FIRE
THE MISTRESS SNORED LOUD AS A PIG,
JACK TOOK UP HIS FIDDLE BY JENNY'S DESIRE
AND STRUCK UP A BIT OF A JIG.



Jack took up his fiddle by Jenny's desire,
And struck up a bit of a jig.



TAFFY was a Welshman,
Taffy was a thief,
Taffy came to my house,
And stole a piece of beef.
I went to Taffy's house,
Taffy wasn't at home,
Taffy came to my house,
And stole a marrow bone.
I went to Taffy's house,
Taffy was in bed,
I took the marrow bone,
And beat about his head.



THE girl in the lane, that couldn't speak plain,
Cried gobble, gobble, gobble :
The man on the hill, that couldn't stand still,
Went hobble, hobble, hobble.

THE lion and the unicorn
Were fighting for the crown ;
The lion beat the unicorn
All round about the town.
Some gave them white bread,
Some gave them brown,
Some gave them plumcake,
And sent them out of town.



THE man in the moon,
Came down too soon,
And ask'd his way to Norwich ;
He went by the south
And burnt his mouth
With eating cold plum-porridge.



THE man in the wilderness asked me,
How many strawberries grew in the sea ?
I answered him as I thought good,
As many red herrings as grew in the wood.

THE north wind doth blow,
And we shall have snow,
And what will poor Robin do then?
Poor thing!

He'll sit in a barn,
And keep himself warm,
And hide his head under his wing.
Poor thing!



THERE was a little boy went into a barn,
And lay down on some hay;
An owl came out and flew about,
And the little boy ran away.



THERE was a little guinea pig,
Who being little was not big;
He always walked upon his feet,
And never fasted when he ate.

When from a place he ran away,
He never at that place did stay;
And while he ran, as I am told,
He ne'er stood still for young or old.

He often squeak'd, and sometimes violent,
And when he squeak'd he ne'er was silent ;
Though ne'er instructed by a cat,
He knew a mouse was not a rat.

One day, as I am certified,
He took a whim and fairly died,
And, as I'm told by men of sense,
He never has been living since.



THERE was a little man,
And he had a little gun,
And his bullets were made of lead, lead, lead ;
He went to the brook
And saw a little duck,
And he shot it through the head, head, head.

He carried it home
To his old wife Joan,
And bid her a fire for to make, make, make ;
To roast the little duck,
He had shot in the brook,
And he'd go and fetch her the drake, drake, drake.

THERE was a man of our town,
And he was wondrous wise :
He jump'd into a bramble bush,
And scratched out both his eyes ;
And when he saw his eyes were out,
With all his might and main,
He jumped into another bush,
And scratched them in again.



THERE was an old man,
And he had a calf ;
And that's half :
He took him out of the stall,
And put him on the wall ;
And that's all.



THERE was an old woman went up in a basket,
Seventy times as high as the moon ;
What she did there I could not but ask it,
For in her hand she carried a broom.
“ Old woman, old woman, old woman,” said I,
“ Whither, oh whither, oh whither so high ?”

“ Only to sweep the cobwebs off the sky,
And I shall be back again by and by.”



THERE was an old woman, and what do you think?
She lived upon nothing but victuals and drink;
Victuals and drink were the chief of her diet,
And yet this old woman could never be quiet.



THERE was an old woman who lived in a shoe,
She had so many children she didn't know what
to do;
She gave them some broth without any bread,
She whipped them all soundly and sent them to bed.



THERE was an old woman lived under a hill,
And if she ben't gone, she lives there still.



THERE was an old woman had three sons,
Jeffery, Jemmy, and John;
Jeffery was hung, and Jemmy was drowned,
And Johnny was never more found:



OLD WOMAN, OLD WOMAN, OLD WOMAN SAID I,
WHITHER, OH WHITHER, OH WHITHER SO HIGH?



So there was an end of these three sons,
Jeffery, Jemmy, and John.



THERE were two little birds sat on a stone,
Fal la, la la lal de.

One flew away, and then there was one,
Fal la, la la lal de.

The other flew after, and then there was none,
Fal la, la la lal de.

So the poor stone was left all alone,
Fal la, la la lal de.



1. **T**HIS little pig went to market ;
2. This little pig stayed at home ;
3. This little pig had a bit of bread and butter ;
4. This little pig had none ;
5. This little pig said "Wee, wee, wee,"
I can't find my way home !

Note. Addressed to the five toes.



THREE children sliding on the ice,
Upon a summer's day ;

It so fell out, they all fell in,
The rest they ran away.

Now had these children been at home,
Or sliding on dry ground,
Ten thousand pounds to one penny,
They had not all been drowned.

You parents that have children dear,
And eke you that have none ;
If you would have them safe abroad,
Pray keep them safe at home.



THREE little dogs were basking in the cinders ;
Three little cats were playing in the windows ;
Three little mice popped out of a hole,
And a piece of cheese they stole.
The three little cats jumped down in a trice,
And cracked the bones of the three little mice.



TO market, to market, to buy a plum bun,
Home again, home again, market is done.

TOM, Tom, the piper's son,
Stole a pig and away he ran.
The pig was ate, and Tom was beat,
And Tom ran crying down the street.



TWO little blackbirds sat upon a hill,
One named Jack, the other named Gill ;
Fly away, Jack ; fly away, Gill ;
Come again, Jack ; come again, Gill.



UP the hill urge me not,
Down the hill ride me not,
Along the level spare me not,
In the stable forget me not.



WHEN I was a batchelor,
I lived by myself,
And all the bread and cheese I got,
I put upon the shelf.
The rats and the mice they made such a strife,
I was forced to go to London to buy me a wife :

The roads were so bad, and the lanes were so narrow,
I was forced to bring my wife home in a wheel-barrow.
The wheel-barrow broke, and my wife had a fall,
Down came wheel-barrow, wife and all.

THE END.

SIR GUY DE WARWICK

1647
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THE FAMOUS HISTORY OF GUY
EARL OF WARWICK.

CHAPTER I.

*The Praise of Guy Earl of Warwick, and how he
fell in Love with Fair Felice.*



IN the blessed time when Athelstan wore the crown of the English nation, Sir Guy, Warwick's mirror, and the wonder of all the world, was the chief hero of the age, who in prowess surpassed all his predecessors, and the trump of whose fame so loudly sounded, that Jews, Turks, and Infidels became acquainted with his name.

But as Mars, the God of Battle, was inspired with the beauty of Venus, so our Guy, by no arms conquered, was conquered by love for Felice the Fair; whose beauty and virtue were so inestimable, and shone with such heavenly lustre, that Helen, the



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pride of all Greece, might seem as a Black-a-moor compared to her.

Guy resolving not to stand doting at a distance, went to Warwick Castle where Felice dwelt, she being daughter and heiress to Roband Earl of Warwick. The Earl, her father, hearing of Guy's coming, bade him heartily welcome, and prepared to entertain him with a match of hunting, but he to that lent an unwilling ear, and to prevent it feigned himself sick. The Earl, troubled for his friend, sent his own physician to him. The doctor told Guy his disease was dangerous, and without letting blood there was no remedy. Guy replied, "I know my body is distempered; but you want skill to cure the inward inflammation of my heart: Galen's Herbal cannot quote the flower I like for my remedy. There is a flower which if I might but touch would heal me. It is called by a pretty pleasing name, and I think Phælix soundeth something like it." "I know it not," replied the doctor, "nor is there in the Herbal any flower that beareth such a name, as I remember."

So saying he departed, and left Guy to cast his eyes on the heavenly face of his Felice, as she was walking in a garden full of roses and other flowers.



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CHAPTER II.


Guy courts Fair Felice; she at first denies, but after grants his Suit on Conditions, which he accepts.

GUY immediately advanced to fair Felice, who was reposing herself in an arbour, and saluted her with bended knees. "All hail, fair Felice, flower of beauty, and jewel of virtue! I know, great princes seek to win thy love, whose exquisite perfections might grace the mightiest monarch in the world; yet may they come short of Guy's real affection, in whom love is pictured with naked truth and honesty. Disdain me not for being a steward's son, one of thy father's servants." Felice interrupted him saying, "Cease, bold youth, leave off this passionate address; you are but young and meanly born, and unfit for my degree: I would not my father should know this." With this answer she departed from him.

Guy thus discomfited, lived for some time like one distracted, wringing his hands, resolving to travel through the world to gain the love of Felice, or death to end his misery.

Though Dame Fortune long may frown; when her course is run, she sends a smile to cure the hearts that have been wounded by her frowns: so Cupid sent from his bow a golden headed shaft and wounded





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Felice ; and to her sight presented an armed Knight saying, " This Knight shall become so famous in the world that Kings and Princes shall his friendship court." When Felice found herself wounded, she cried, " O pity me, gentle Cupid, solicit for me to thy mother, and I will offer myself up at thy shrine."

Guy little dreaming of this so sudden thaw, and wanting the balm of love to apply to his sores, resolved to make a second encounter. So coming again to his Felice, said, " Fair Lady, I have been arraigned long ago, and now am come to receive my just sentence from the Tribunal of Love. It is life, or death, fair Felice that I look for, let me not languish in despair ; give judgment, O ye fair, give judgment, that I may know my doom. A word from thy sacred lips can cure my bleeding heart, or a frown can doom me to the pit of misery."

" Gentle Guy," said she, " I am not at my own disposal, you know my father's name is great in the nation, and I dare not match without his consent."

" Sweet Lady," said Guy, " I make no doubt but quickly to obtain his love and favour. Let me have thy love first, fair Felice, and there is no fear of thy father's wrath preventing us."

" Sir Guy," quoth Felice, " make thy bold achievements and noble actions shine abroad, glorious as the sun, that all opposers may tremble at thy high applauded name, and then thy suit cannot be denied."

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“Fair Felice,” said Guy, “I ask no more. Oh that I were at work my task to prove with some such churlish man as Hercules !”


CHAPTER III.

Guy wins the Emperor's Daughter from several Princes, and returning to Warwick is sent forth by Felice to seek new Adventures ; but before his departure destroys a monstrous Dun Cow upon Dunsmore Heath.

OUR noble Guy, at last disengaged from Love's cruelty, now armed himself like a Knight of Chivalry, and crossing the raging ocean, quickly arrived at the Court of Thrace, where he heard that the Emperor of Almain's fair daughter Blanch was to be made a prize for him that won her in the field ; upon which account the Worthies of the World assembled to try their fortunes. The golden trumpets sounded with great joy and triumph, and the stately pampered steeds pranced over the ground, and each He there thought himself a Cæsar that none could equal. Kings and Princes were there, to behold who should be the conqueror, every one thinking that fair Blanch should be his.

After desperate charging with horse and man,





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much blood was shed ; and our noble Guy laid about him like a lion, among the princes ; here lay one headless, another without a leg or an arm, and there a horse. Guy still, like Hercules, charged desperately, and killed a German Prince and his horse under him. Duke Otto, vowing revenge upon our English champion, gave Guy a fresh assault, but his courage was soon cooled. Then Duke Rayner would engage our favourite Knight, but with as little success as the rest ; and at length no man would encounter Guy any more : so by his valour he won the Lady, in the field.

The Emperor, being himself a spectator, sent a messenger for our English Knight. Guy immediately came into the Emperor's presence, and made his obeisance, when the Emperor, as a token of his affection, gave him his hand to kiss, and withal resigned to him his daughter, a falcon and a hound.

Guy thanked his Majesty for his gracious favour ; but for fair Felice's sake, left fair Blanch to her father's tuition, and departed from that graceful Court, taking with him only the other tokens of his victory.

Now Guy beginning to meditate upon his long absence from his fair Felice, and doubting of her prosperity, or that she might too much forget him, departed for England ; and having at last arrived at the long-wished for haven of his love, thus greeted his beloved mistress : " Fair foe," said he, " I am

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now come to challenge your promise, the which was, upon my making my name famous by martial deeds, I should be the master of my beloved mistress. Behold, fair Felice, this stately steed, this falcon, and these hounds, part of the prize I have won in the field, before Kings and Princes."


"Worthy Knight," quoth Felice, "I have heard of thy winning the Lady Blanch from Royal Dukes and Princes, and I am glad to find that Guy is so victorious. But thou must seek more adventures, earn yet a nobler name, before I wed thee."

Guy, discomfited at this unlooked for answer, took leave of fair Felice, clad himself again in Bellona's livery, and set forth on his travels.

While waiting for a fair wind to sail for France, Guy heard of an exceeding great and monstrous Cow, four yards in height and six in length, lurking within the woods not many miles from Warwick, and making there most dreadful devastations. This Cow was of a Dun colour, and from thence named the Dun Cow; and the place where she lay being on the borders of a great Heath, was from thence called Dunsmore Heath, which name it retains to this day.

Guy arming himself with his sword, a strong battle axe, and his bow and quiver, rode to the place where this monster used to lurk, which was in a thicket of trees, which grew on the side of a heath near a pool of standing water; and being come within a bow





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shot of it the monster espied him, and set up a dreadful roaring, enough to fill any heart with terror. Guy nothing daunted bent his bow of steel ; but his arrow rebounded as from an adamantine wall, when the dreadful beast rushed at him like the wind. Guy observing this, lifted up his battle axe and smote her such a blow as made her recoil. Enraged yet more, she again rushed at him, and clapping her horns upon his breast, dented his armour, though of highest proof. Wheeling his warlike steed about, he gave her a desperate wound under the ear, and following this stroke with others no less forcible, at last he brought her to the ground. Then Guy alighting from his horse hewed her so long, till with a horrid groan she breathed her last.

The whole country, when they heard of the monster's death, came to behold the dead carcase, and loaded Guy with thanks and presents ; and the King, after a splendid entertainment, gave him the Order of Knighthood.

CHAPTER IV.

Guy, having performed great Wonders abroad, returns to England, and is married to Felice.

GUY now set forth in search of further adventures, and performed many acts of valour. Once after a tedious journey, being seated by a

Guy Earl of Warwick.


spring to refresh himself, he heard a hideous noise, and presently espied a Lion and a Dragon, fighting, biting, and tearing each other. At length Guy, perceiving the Lion ready to faint, encountered the Dragon, and soon brought the ugly Cerberus roaring and yelling to the ground. The Lion, in gratitude to Guy, run by his horse's side like a true born spaniel, till lack of food made him retire to his wonted abode.

Soon after Guy met with the Earl of Terry, whose father was confined in his Castle by Duke Otto ; but he and that Lord posted thither, and freed the Castle immediately ; and Guy in an open field slew Duke Otto, whose dying words of repentance moved Guy to remorse and pity.

After this, as Guy returned through a desert, he met a furious boar that had slain many Christians. Guy manfully drew his sword, and the boar gaping, intending with his dreadful tusks to devour our noble champion, Guy thrust it down his throat, and slew the greatest boar that ever man beheld.

On Guy's arrival in England, he immediately repaired to King Athelston at York, where the King told Guy of a mighty Dragon in Northumberland, that destroyed men, women, and children. Guy desired a guide, and went immediately to the Dragon's cave ; when out came the monster, with eyes like flaming fire. Guy charged him courageously ;





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but the Monster bit the lance in two like a reed ; then Guy drew his sword, and cut such gashes in the Dragon's sides, that the blood and life poured out of his venomous carcase. Then Guy cut off the head of the monster, and presented it to the King, who in the memory of Guy's service, caused the picture of the Dragon, which was thirty feet in length, to be worked in a cloth of arras, and hung up in Warwick Castle for an everlasting monument. Felice, hearing of Guy's return and success, came as far as Lincoln to meet him, where they were married with much joy and great triumph ; King Athelstan, his Queen, and all the chief Nobles and Barons of the land being present.

No sooner were their nuptials celebrated, but Felice's father died, leaving all his estate to Sir Guy, whom the King thereupon created Earl of Warwick.

CHAPTER V.

Guy leaves his Wife, and goes a Pilgrimage to the Holy Land.

IN the very height of Guy's glory, when he was exalted to his father's dignities, conscience biddeth him repent of all his former sins ; so Guy resolved to travel to the Holy Land like a Pilgrim.

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Felice, perceiving his melancholy, inquired of her Lord the cause of this passion? "Ah, Felice!" said he, "I have spent much time in honouring thee, and to win thy favour; but never spared one minute for my soul's health in honouring the Lord."

Felice, though very much grieved, understanding his determination, opposed not his will. So with exchange of rings, and melting kisses, he departed, like a stranger from his own habitation, taking with him neither money nor scrip; while but a small quantity of herbs and roots, such only as the wild fields could afford, formed his chief diet; and he vowed never to fight more, but in a just cause.

Guy, after travelling many tedious miles, met an aged person oppressed with grief, for the loss of fifteen sons, whom Armarant, a mighty Giant, had taken from him, and held in strong captivity.

Guy borrowed the old man's sword, and went directly up to the Castle gate, where the Giant dwelt, who coming to the door, asked grimly, "How he durst so boldly knock at the gates?" vowing he would beat out his brains. But Guy, laughing at him, said, "Sirrah, thou art quarrelsome; but I have a sword that has often hewn such lubbards as you asunder." As he spoke he laid his blade about the Giant's shoulders, so that he bled abundantly; who being much enraged, flung his club at Guy with such force, that it beat him down; and before Guy could



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recover his fall Armarant had got up his club again. But in the end Guy killed this broad backed monster, and released divers captives that had been in thralldom a long time ; some almost famished, and others ready to expire under various tortures ; who returned Guy thanks for their happy deliverance. After which he gave up the Castle and keys to the old man and his fifteen sons ; and pursued his intended journey, and coming to a grave, he took up a worm-eaten skull, which he thus addressed : Perhaps thou wert a Prince, or a mighty Monarch, a King, a Duke, or a Lord ! But the King and the Beggar must all return to the earth ; and therefore man had need to remember his dying hour. Perhaps thou mightest have been a Queen, or a Dutchesse, or a Lady varnished with much beauty ; but now thou art wormsmeat, lying in the grave, the sepulchre of all creatures.

While Guy was in this repenting solitude, fair Felice, like a mourning widow, clothed herself in sable attire, and vowed chastity in the absence of her beloved husband. Her whole delight was in divine meditations and heavenly consolations, praying for the welfare of her beloved Lord, whom she feared some savage monster had devoured. Thus Felice spent the remainder of her life in sorrow for her dear Lord ; and to show her humility, she sold her jewels and the costly robes with which she used to grace




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King Athelstan's Court, and gave the money freely to the poor ; she relieved the lame and the blind, the widow and the fatherless, and all those that came to ask alms ; and built a large hospital for aged and sick people, that they might be comforted in their sickness. Thus she laid up for herself treasure in heaven, which will be paid again with life everlasting.

In the mean time Guy travelled through many lands, and at last in the course of his journeying he met the Earl of Terry, who had been exiled from his territories by a merciless traitor. Guy bade him not be dismayed, and promised to venture his life for his restoration. The Earl thanked Guy most courteously, and they travelled together against Terry's enemy. Guy challenged him into the field, and there slew him hand to hand, and restored the Earl to his lands. The Earl full of gratitude begged to know the name of his champion, but Guy insisted upon remaining unknown ; neither would he take any reward for his services. Thus was the noble Guy successful in all his actions, until finding his head crowned with silver hairs, after many years travel, he resolved to end his days in his native country : and therefore returning from the Holy Land, he came to England. On his arrival he found the nation in great distress, the Danes having invaded the land, burning cities and towns, plundering the country, and killing men, women, and





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children ; insomuch that King Athelstan was forced to take refuge in his invincible city of Winchester.

CHAPTER VI.

Guy fights with the Giant Colbran, and having overcome him, discovers himself to the King, then to his Wife, and dies in her Arms.

THE Danes, having intelligence of King Athelstan's retreat to Winchester, drew all their forces thither ; and seeing there was no way to win the city, they sent a summons to King Athelstan, desiring that an Englishman might combat with a Dane, and that side to lose the whole whose Champion was defeated. On this mighty Colbran singled himself from the Danes, and entered upon Morn Hill, near Winchester, breathing venomous words, calling the English cowardly dogs, whose carcasses he would make food for ravens. "What mighty boasting," said he, "hath there been in the foreign nations of these English cowards, as if they had done deeds of wonder, who now like foxes hide their heads."


Guy, hearing proud Colbran, could no longer forbear, but went immediately to the King, and on his knee begged a combat ; the King, liking the courage

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of the pilgrim, bade him go and prosper. Whereupon Guy departed out of the North gate to Morn Hill, where Colbran, the Danish Champion, was. When Colbran espied Guy he disdained him, saying, "Art thou the best Champion England can afford?" Quoth Guy, "It is unbecoming a professed Champion to rail; my sword shall be my orator." No longer they stood to parley, but with great courage fought most manfully; but Guy was so nimble, that in vain Colbran struck; for every blow fell upon the ground. Guy still laid about him like a dragon, which gave great encouragement to the English; until Colbran in the end growing faint, Guy brought the Giant to the ground. Upon which the English all shouted with so much joy, that the welkin rang again. After this battle the Danes retired back again to their own country.

King Athelstan sent for this Champion to honour him; but Guy refused honours, saying, "My Liege, I am a mortal man, and have set the vain world at defiance. But at the King's earnest request, on promise of concealment, Guy discovered himself to him; which rejoiced Athelstan's heart, and he embraced his worthy Champion. But Guy took leave of his Sovereign, and went to seek a solitary cave, wherein to spend the remainder of his life. From time to time he repaired to Warwick Castle, and received alms at the hands of his dear Lady, who showed





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more bounty to pilgrims than any lady in the land besides.

At length finding his hour draw nigh, he sent a messenger to Felice, with a gold ring, at the sight of which token she hastened to her Lord. And Guy soon after died in the arms of his beloved Felice; who, having survived him only fifteen days, was buried in the same grave.

*Now is the Story brought to an end of Guy the bold
Baron of price, and of the fair maid Felice.*



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